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FAME IS A PERFUME OF HERALD DEEDS
SACRATES

THE PATRIOT

PUBLISHED BY

SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL

SEYMOUR INDIANA

AND

DEDICATED TO

CHARLES H PHILLIPS

ANN & DOMINI

1921



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FOREWORD

WHEN IN FUTURE YEARS
WE SHALL TURN TO THIS
OUR PATRIOT
AND RECALL THE HOPES AND STRUGGLES
OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL DAYS
MAY WE THEN BE INSPIRED
TO HIGHER THINGS
AND AGAIN CATCH A GLIMPSE
OF THOSE VISIONS
OF YOUTH





TO
CHARLES H. PHILLIPS
WHOSE FINE SCHOLARSHIP
HAS BEEN AN INSPIRATION
TO US
AND WHOSE EFFECTIVE WORK
HAS BEEN A VITAL FORCE
IN OUR PROGRESS
WE, THE CLASS
OF NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE
DEDICATE THIS OUR ANNUAL



Thomas Abbott Mott
Superintendent of Public Schools

To The Seniors.

You are leaving high school to enter the broader life of the college, or of the business and social world. Your attainments during the years of your school course give ample promise that your work will be useful and successful.

I would point you to two principles of true living:

First. The real measure of your life will be the quality and amount of the service you give to others. The way to real success and happiness is through service. "He profits most who serves best." The Master said to his followers, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

"Service before Self," must be your motto." Our truest service is prompted by our love for our fellow men. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

The second is this; The quality and value of your service to others will depend on your preparation for your life's work. Colleges and High Schools offer opportunity for each student to improve himself, to increase his efficiency, to enlarge his capacity for service. Without scholarship and training our service will be weak. The granary must be filled before the grain can be distributed. Knowledge, and skill, and character must be acquired before we can be of great service to others.

When life's school is ended the final examinations will be based upon the service we have rendered. We will want to hear the Master say unto us, "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

E. H. Mott.



Kate Ferris Andrews
Principal of Shields High School

Provide

The paths which you shall tread in life's journey
Are those which hitherto no one has trod;
The ways that you must go are still unblazoned,
Your opportunities no man has had;
This choice has made your Past; it will, the Future
Still, "Life, the Great Elective" lies ahead,
And, always, there will come to each the question,
"What is the course that I must follow now?"
"Look forward," as your chosen motto bids;
Seek, ever, for the best that life can give;
The pilgrimage to Truth leads ever on,
Turn not aside, nor falter in the search.
The searching, not the finding, gives real pleasure
In striving for the higher-lie true growth.
The world may often seem to give you nothing
The vision oft may fade as hope grows faint,
But follow, for the trail, though shining dimly,
Will brighten with your effort to attain,

Kate Ferris Andrews



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LITERARY



CAUSE FOR DELAY

HELEN LINKE, '21.



UNT BETSY was a typical old negro mammy, although in her veins ran the blood of three races; the red, the white and the black. Doubtless this racial mixture accounted for her shrewdness and sense of humor, characteristics usually lacking in the dull, stupid negro of pure African descent. She retained, however, and in great abundance, many traits that infallibly appear in the true southern darkey, foremost among which was her love of pomp and show.

On this particular morning in June, Aunt Betsy was "down at the big house doin' up the clothes." Mrs. Landon, her mistress, (always called Miss Jane by Aunt Betsy) was reading on the front porch.

A large black negro seated upon a lean gray horse rode up to the mounting block, dismounted, threw the reins over the drooping head of his steed, and made his way to the back door. Very soon after his disappearance around the corner of the house, Mrs. Landon heard Aunt Betsy break off in the middle of the fifth stanza of "Old Time Religion" and join in conversation with him. He reappeared in a few minutes and mounting his horse, rode away.

Mrs. Landon, watching him as he rounded a curve, was startled by Aunt Betsy exclaiming, from the doorway, "Law! Miss Jane, honey, don' he look han'some; an' ain't he got on the most elegant clothes?" Evidently Aunt Betsy had been impressed by the red flannel shirt and black and white striped trousers of her caller.

With great difficulty Miss Jane refrained from laughing as Aunt Betsy continued, "Yas, Miss Jane, an' he's rich, too, 'deed he am. He's got a hoss an' buggy."

Again Mrs. Landon managed to check a smile. "Is he any relation to you, Aunt Betsy?" she inquired, wondering why he had made such an early morning call

"Oh no! not yet, honey, not yet," she replied, rolling her eyes upward and grinning broadly. "But that ain't sayin' he wouldn't like to be; 'cause that's perzactly what he's aftah. He wants to marry my gal Floribel an' he ain't the man ah thought she was agoin' to marry eitha."

"That doesn't make any difference, does it, Aunty?" her mistress asked, hoping that she would tell the response she had made to the seeker of her daughter's hand.

"Wal, ah don't 'spose it do," the old woman replied thoughtfully after a moment's consideration. "Ise mostly foun' that one man's jest as good as another, if you know ject perzactly how to handle 'em an' ah 'spose ah ought to know most as much about it as anybody." Here she stopped and meditated deeply for a moment. Then, looking up with a beaming smile, she added, "'Cause you see Obidiah, he am my fourth."

Mrs. Landon laughed delightedly at this reply of Aunt Betsy's, for this old servant was a never failing source of amusement to her mistress.

"Did you make his heart happy, Aunty?" she asked after a few moments.

"Well, ah 'spose ah did," she answered with a doubtful shake of her head.

"Ah tol' him dat if he wuz good to her dat wuz all right, but if he wuzn't he could jest set her back in the yard whah' he foun' her."

"You alls comin' to the weddin', ain't you?" she inquired of her mistress before she departed for the kitchen.

"Certainly, I'd love to come, but when is it to be?"

"Why, Saturday night o' 'cose, 'cause George Henry Edward, dats de groom, he say dey ain't goin' to be no full moon in July, so we gotta have it dis month, an' if George Henry say dey ain't no full moon, now dey ain't."

The old woman then began to relate the wedding plans that her active mind had already made.

"Dey'll be married at half past seven an' we'll have flowah girls, and best mans and best ladies and everything. Ne'n we'll have suppah and nen dance till mawnin.'" We'll call you all when it's time foh the ceremony." With this Aunt Betsy returned to her work, dreaming at intervals of the Saturday night feast and dance.

At seven twenty-five Saturday evening Mrs. Landon seated herself on the porch and patiently awaited the expected summons. Seven thirty came and passed. Eight thirty! Mrs. Landon began to grow impatient. What could have happened? Some great calamity must have occurred for no ordinary disaster would be of sufficient importance to delay a darkey wedding this long. She made many anxious surmises, but none seemed to satisfy her impatience.

Nine thirty came and passed; and at ten thirty, just as Mrs. Landon, prepared for the worst, was ready to start an investigation, a sleepy little pickaninny presented himself and announced that it was time for the wedding.

Mrs. Landon walked the short distance to the cabin, very much puzzled as to what the delay should be about, but she wisely asked no questions, knowing that she would be informed the following Monday.

The ceremony took place on the small porch of the cabin. Everything and everybody was there, including the white gloves and the flower girls. Mrs. Landon could see no apparent cause for the delay unless George Henry had been late, for he turned and twisted and grinned as if he were intoxicated. The ceremony was finished in due time, however, and after wishing the couple much happiness Mrs. Landon returned home.

Aunt Betsy appeared early Monday morning and asked Mrs. Landon to tell her how she liked the wedding.

"It was very nice indeed, Auntie, but what made it so late and why did the groom turn and twist so much?"

Aunt Betsy drew a deep sigh, then laughed heartily before replying, "Why, Miss Jane, didn't you see my little boys back there stickin' pins in George Henry Edward?" At the look of horror on her mistress' face she added, "Dey really didn't mean no harm, dey jest wanted to make him laugh."

"Now I'll tell you what made the weddin' so late. Well, you know, Miss Jane, de best man done los' his white gloves, an' you know dey can't git married on one pair of white gloves. Well, you see, dat's what took up de time. I drove almos' fifteen miles huntin' dat boy a pair of gloves."

"Did you find any?" inquired Mrs. Landon.

"Lawdy, no chile! ah didn't fin' none anywhah ah drove to, but ah'll tell you all what ah did. Ah had de groom to put his right han' glove on and put his lef' han' in his pocket. Den ah had de bes' man put de lef' han' glove on his right han' an' put his lef, han' in his pocket an' you couldn't tell de difference, could you, Miss Jane, now could you?"

LIFE

STELLA HELLEWELL, '22.

LIFE CAN be one grand sweet song
If we keep on smiling;
If we fight against the wrong
And cease from all reviling.
We can make life what we will,
Scatter sunshine through it
If we mean to climb a hill
We can surely do it.

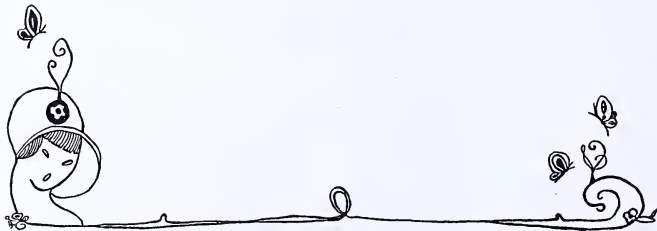
Life can be one summer day
If we face it squarely,
Woe and care will flee away,
Met by us most bravely.
If we scatter gladness round
Life is worth the living,
Joy and happiness are found
In hoping, loving, giving.

THE FATE OF A ROSE

ESTHER JONES, '21.

A LOVELY red rose in a garden bloomed,
In an old fashioned garden it grew,
Where marigold, poppies, asters and pinks
Grew alongside the wandering Jew;
But the rose held it's head aloof from the rest,
Very proud and indignant was she
To be placed in a garden with such homely flowers
At the side of an ugly old tree.

So she turned her face upward toward the blue sky,
And lived in a world of her own,
While the others grew round at the foot of the bush,
And though hurt, left her all alone.
But a sudden cloud rose one June afternoon,
And the heavy drops beat on her face
Till her petals dropped off. Soon forgotten was she
And another rose bloomed in her place.



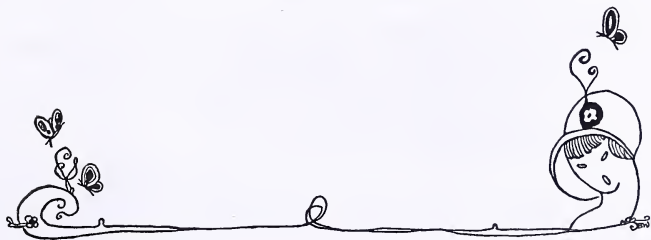
EVENING

ESTHER JONES, '21.

THE SUN is sinking in the west,
The birds are chattering in their nest,
The day is almost done.
A light breeze stirs the tree-tops high,
Who answer with a long, soft sigh,
And curt'sy to the sun.

The breeze now stirs the garden flowers,
Carrying their perfume to the distant bowers,
And all is calm and still.
The sun's red tip sinks out of sight,
While a bright star ushers in the night,
Twinkling o'er yonder hill.

The laborer from his work comes now,
And the soft breeze cools his heated brow,
So sweet and so caressing.
He trudges on with home in mind,
Where comfort he is sure to find,
Along with God's own blessing.



MAKIN' BEET SUGAR

(Uncle Bill Bottletop's reflections on H. C. of L.)

FRANCES EUDALY, '23.

THE LAND of the honest, the home of the free,
But ye can't hev sugar in yer coffee or tea,
When th' packin' houses er filled up fat
With meat an' corn an' all o' that,
An' then they say they ain't got none,
I tell yer that's a goin' some.

The wholesale houses an' groceries too,
Ther's gittin' to be quite a few,
'Cause they know then kin make lots o' "dough"
A slippin' aroun' an' a-chargin' so.
But I tell to ye, folks, they can't fool me
'Cause I'm goin' to have sugar in my tea.

I'm gonna git some beets an' grind 'em up fine,
An' put in some cider an' some apple rind,
An' make a big fire, that's roarin' an' hot,
An' borl it all down in the old copper pot,
An' then I'll hev beet sugar I bet,
F'it enuf on a king's table to set.

An' when I go to the grocery in town,
I'll go t' the 'prieter an' call 'im down,
An' tell 'im he ain't got nothin' on me,
'Cause I kin make sugar jist as easy as he.
An' then he'll laugh an' say, "Haw, haw,
Yer the funniest feller I ever saw."

WHERE THERES A WILL THERES A WAY

MARIAN SHAW.



THE SUN creeping through the window of a small but dainty apartment might have wondered why its sole occupants seemed so gay. Why did they dash around backwards and forwards, their bright eyes gleaming, tails flashing. Perhaps it was because the clock on the mantelpiece had just struck five, which of course, meant that the little lady of the place would return then, the carefully laid fire would begin to crackle and the teacups would rattle and the friendly little teapot would sing its merry song. Well, any one who had studied the mannerisms of goldfish might tell us that they were just naturally happy. Nevertheless the sun was sure something was going to happen, but alas, sad Fate, he would never know. He must help the "dawn come up like thunder in China 'cross the bay."

The door unaccustomed to being dashed open so violently croaked volubly in revolt, but was absolutely unheeded by the young girl who dashed in with eyes as bright as (you know) and cheeks as red as (oh, well).

Flinging off her things she then lighted the fire, stood up and glanced about the room, espied Micky and Dicky Goldfish in the same condition as the sun had seen them.

"Oh, you know it, don't you dearies? Never, never another type writer. Mr. Deely will never say dictation to me again." And snatching out a letter from her pocket she read it again for the fifteenth time.

Dear Miss Branon:

It has been my duty to inform you of the death of your uncle, Ralph Branon, whom, no doubt you have never seen.

As you are one of his rightful heirs a good deal will be yours, the amount of which you will be told of later."

Sincerely yours,

FRANK HIRK.

"I'll tell Mable about it tomorrow," she thought gleefully and busied herself among the teacups.

Mable Harmand was the only friend of Margaret Branon in that large city where Margaret, an orphan, had come to earn her living. Mable was also an older and wiser woman.

The next morning at about ten thirty the sun decided to have another glimpse at the little apartment but this time in the bedroom. To his surprise the bed still held its occupant who stretched and yawned in contentment.

"Guess I'll phone Mable now. After that the mail will be here."

In a few minutes Mable was listening to the exciting tale of Margaret's good fortune and promised to be there soon and hear more.

An hour or so later Mable opened the door and to her surprise there in the chair sat Margaret sobbing her heart out.

"What's the matter? Isn't it true?" cried Mable.

"Oh the horrid thing, how awful, oh dear, oh dear," came in sobs. "Yes, its true, but he only left me a formula for soap. Look at this."

Dear Miss Branon:

We are glad to inform you of your great fortune in receiving this formula for soap. Your uncle spent so many years in making this recipe. It is guaranteed to take out any spot on any rug or carpet.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK HIRK.

"I'm so sorry but never mind, we will try it and see, said Mable.

"Try it and see—pooh, there's lots of soap in the drug store."

"Well, you just wait. First we have to have a man."

"A man?"

"Yes, you know—to buy the ingredients and put it on the market."

"Well, how are you going to get one, I'd like to know."

"We'll advertise. Never mind now. You wait."

* * * * *

Mr. Jack Peters glanced casually over the want ads in the paper. One of them fixed his attention or was it his euriosity, most gluedly. Anyway he decided to investigate and call on the young lady, with a paying scheme for a young man with a little money.

Mable opened the door. Jack wished to fly.

"Young lady, huh" he said to himself. Nevertheless curiosity again led him on where upon he was introduced to the lady in waiting. Mable poured out the tale with agent-like skill.

"By George, won't she shut up. Of course I'm going to. Look at that girl, gee!" He said to himself again.

Eventually the tiny apartment became a mad house. Jack swathed in a huge apron and flourishing a large spoon, looked like a pastry cook. Margaret likewise, but she didn't flourish a spoon. She merely reproved Jack for the seummy stuff he spread over the walls, chairs and floor. But that soap wouldn't harden. Nearly ten days elapsed. Each day different amounts were added, but still it wouldn't harden. Margaret began to be discouraged but Jack was very light-hearted. I wonder why.

The eleventh day nearly gone.

"Let's put in a teaspoonful of this" said Jack holding up a bottle. They both bent down over the seething mass.

"You are the prettiest thing I ever saw."

The bottle was held in mid-air.

"I'm crazy about you."

The dark fluid poured from the bottle.

"Won't you please?"

The bottle was empty.

It was suspended several minutes.

* * * * *

"Oh, Jack, you've emptied the bottle."

"So I have, but look it is hardening."

"Yes, it is, Mable, come quick, the soap hardened and I am going to be married. Mable rushed in.

"Let's see if it works."

They tried it.

It worked—.

"W'el see if we can sell it."

They did.

* * * * *

The sun decided to have a peep in another apartment, a large and lovely one, one evening about five o'clock.

"Where have I seen these goldfish before" thought he.

"Well, what do you know about that."

Mr. and Mrs. Peters sat in their new apartment. The fire was crackling and the little teapot singing.

"I'm so happy" said Mrs. Peters.

"So am I and the factory is just fine" said Mr. Peters.

Mr. Peters went over to Mrs. Peters—bent over her. The sun blinked expectantly.

But sad Fate, he would never know, he must "help the dawn come up like thunder in China 'cross the bay."



NUMBER NINE

KATHRYN KIRSCH, '22.

IT MAY have been the dancing;
 (It couldn't have been the punch)
It may have been the flowers she wore,
 A crimson flaming bunch;
It may have been the heated room,
 It may have been design;
But Lucy's cheeks were glowing
 As we "sat out" number nine.

It may have been the music;
 It may have been—a tear!
It may have been because she felt
 Dan Cupid hiding near;
It may have been the knowledge that
 Her hands were held in mine;
But Lucy's eyes were shining
 As we "sat out" number nine.

It may have been the moonlight
 Upon the dewy grass;
(Such things, I'm told, will often bring
 Strange happenings to pass)
It may have been—but wherefore try
 A reason to assign?
I proposed—and was accepted—
 As we "sat out" number nine.



THE VALEDICTORIAN

MATHILDA KESSLER, '22.



VIRGINIA GEOFFREYS put down her pen with a sigh of relief and viewed the results of her work. There, on those few pages, were the words of her valedictorian speech, on which she had worked so hard for so long.

"Well, thank goodness, it's finished," she said, and just then her brother entered.

"Well Jinny, have you complete-d that wonderful speech that you're going to give as a—what? Let's hear it."

"Valedictory. No Friday night you'll hear it, m' dear. Not till then. Ta, ta."

Commencement night came with the stir of excitement that it always brings. The auditorium was rapidly being filled, ushers were flitting here and there. A constant hum of whispers and an occasional flutter of fans could be faintly heard over the audience.

Behind the curtain the Seniors were all talking in groups, occasionally stealing near the curtain to catch sight of some fond parent or friend. Virginia Geoffreys paced the floor of the stage, nervously folding and unfolding the manuscript, which contained her valedictory.

The curtain slowly rose and the exercises then began. Meanwhile as the time for her speech drew near Virginia repeatedly rehearsed her lines.

"Friends and Patrons of Sanford High School and Fellow Classmates—Friends and Patrons of—Friends—oh! I *can't* give it!" And as the time drew nearer she felt that she could not. Here was everybody that she knew and more besides—oh—but her lips formed in a hard, straight line for she realized she had to give it anyway.

Just then Virginia heard a familiar voice speak out, "I take great pleasure in now introducing Miss Virginia Geoffreys, who will favor us with a few words."

Virginia bit her lip hard and arose. My! that sea of faces! She must smile. There—now—she felt more confident. Then she began in a rather weak voice: "Friends and Patrons of Sanford, and Fellow-Classmates—we—we—and Fellow Class—we—a—" Oh! she thought miserably to herself—she had forgotten the very first words. She started again glancing in despair over her listeners. Then, as she began slowly repeating the first words of her speech, she happened to glance at a sign on the door of one of the "exits." It read: "Take Your Time." As Virginia dimly made out the words of that sign she was braced up

with a new hope. She must take her time. *Take her time*

Then, letting her eyes again wander over the audience, she breathed deeply and began slowly with new confidence: "Friends and Patrons of Sanford High School and Fellow Classmates." Her mind gradually cleared and the words of her speech rolled glibly and smoothly from her tongue.

At the end of her talk, Virginia returned to her seat, flushed and relieved. She knew she had done especially well—but, if it hadn't been for that reassuring sign on the door

The next day, in a large gilt edged frame, there was hung in Virginia's room the motto, "Take Your Time," words she was never to forget.

THE UNGERLIND

ESTHER JONES, '21.

ONLY a small, ragged child
Whose clothes were all dirty and torn,
Trudging along through the crowd
With his little face haggard and worn.
As he carefully edged his way
Fearing to trouble someone
The passers-by only glanced,
Shuddered and hurried on.

He seemed to belong to no one
And nobody seemed to care;
But oh! that expressive face
Showing beneath his brown hair,
On it were traces of pain,
With all signs of happiness gone.
Most likely a life to be ruined,
While the world goes carelessly on.

SOLILLOQUY

ELIZABETH SMITH, '23.

I WONDER why the trees are green,
They might as well be blue;
I wonder why the fish don't fly,
That's kinda' funny, too.

I wonder why I'm not a boy
Instead of just a girl;
In fact, I wonder quite so much,
My brain is in a whirl.

And so, sometimes, I sit and think
And marvel quite a lot,
That things are always as they are
And never what they're not.

SCHOOL LIFE

RUTH BLUMER, 8-B.

'TIS half past two by the clock on the wall,
And the minutes go by with their weary call,
Said the book to the desk, "I need a rest,
For the last two years I have done my best."
But the desk replied, with a cheerful voice,
"You must do your duty, you have no choice."

'Tis so with us, we are like the book;
We would like to rest in some shady nook.
But the teacher says with a smile on his face,
That we must not stop, but go on with the race;
Until at last our reward is won,
When we graduate and our school work's done.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

ALICE COBB, 7-A.



NOW, SIR, by the time you're cooled it'll be dinnertime and I'll make a meal of you," said the old woman as she laid the gingerbread boy on the table to cool.

But she was mistaken for Johnny, the gingerbread boy, didn't in the least enjoy the idea of being eaten; so when she went out of the room he rolled off the table and stole out.

Just as he got outdoors a hurriean came up and blew him far, far away.

The spot where he landed was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. Everywhere as far as the eye could reach were roses, roses, roses. There were no weeds anywhere and none of the roses had thorns.

Suddenly out of the huge embankment of glorious pink flowers there stepped the prettiest little fellow Johnny had ever imagined. Around his waist was a pink sash and he boasted some tiny transparent wings. Over his shoulder was a pink strap which held a quiver full of arrows, all pink.

"Friend," said Cupid (for that was who he was) "I know that you are one so I will give you this warning. At the stroke of midnight the wicked fairies will take possession of Pink Land. Immediately the land will turn to burnt pie crust and the beautiful rose water of the rivers to black ink. Escape while you may, my friend. Farewell." And he vanished among the roses.

But Johnny, in the beauties of Pink Land, soon forgot Cupid's warning and light-heartedly went his way. At the first stroke of midnight from the fairy clock Cupid again appeared before him. "You have taken no heed of my warning," he said sternly, "and therefore must suffer the consequences. But out of pity I will give you a gift and further warning which you must take heed of if you care for your life. He took a pink arrow and gave it to Johnny, saying as he did so: "Let no one know you have it and speak to no one. A single word may take your life; that is till you are far away from Pink Land."





"Clang!" It was the eleventh stroke and Cupid was gone. "Clang!" It was the twelfth. There was a terrible earthquake that made the ground underneath Johnny tremble and rock terribly. When Johnny looked around again Pink Land was

gone; and, as Cupid had said, there was burnt pie crust for miles around.

About half past twelve he heard a dreadful racket and looking around saw the whole army of wicked fairies bearing down upon him. They were indeed terrible. Some were ghosts, some giants, some skeletons, and some were wizards. Beside them ran the witches five thousand strong. In a great cage they carried was a pretty girl, evidently a dweller of Pink Land, whom they had caught. She was crying and sobbing pitifully.

Johnny immediately forgot Cupid's second warning and ran forward shouting, "I will help you!"

At his first word the beautiful features of the girl faded away and in her place stood a horrible witch with gleaming red eyes and a nose a foot long. "You have spoken!" she screamed. "I have you in my power. Come, you must get in this cage."

Trembling, Johnny obeyed. After a few more miles of traveling they stopped and put up camp. The witches took the cage to a lonely spot in the woods and hung it in a tree. Then they all went away. Johnny didn't know what to do until suddenly he remembered the pink arrow. "I wonder what it is for," he said to himself as he took it out of his inner coat pocket. As he touched the point of the arrow there was a jingling of bells and a folded piece of paper fell at his feet. The paper contained a tiny silver eagle and these words:

"Pull off the eagle's right leg and swallow it. This will give you strength to pull open the cage doors. But then the witches will attempt to catch you. When they do, free the eagle. This will cast a spell over them so that they can neither move nor speak. Say aloud the name of the place to which you wish to go."

"To Gingerbread Land!" exclaimed Johnny joyfully and immediately pulled off the *left* leg instead of the right one and swallowed it. Then he heard a voice like Cupid's say:

"You have swallowed the wrong leg, so instead of going





to Gingerbread Land, as you wished, you must go to Candy Land."

Johnny stood aghast. What a mistake he had made! But this seemed the only way to escape so he took it. The cage doors opened easily enough and he started out. But as you shall see all his traveling was not to be so simple. In fact, before he had gone five steps there commenced howling and screeching behind him and he saw the witches with their broom-sticks coming nearer at a furious rate. He scarcely had time to let the eagle fly before he hurried on. So he made his escape.

Soon he was outside of what had been Pink Land and after that it was not long until he reached Candy Land. The land here was rock candy and the rivers were of melted sugar. The houses, furniture and in fact everything was made of candy. The people spoke in a sticky way and really were very sweet, but as Johnny had practically no taste for that particular delicacy—candy—he did not care to stay here, so he asked the way to Gingerbread Land of the first person he met.

He found that he had to go along the road he had been traveling. About the time he reached the school house he found that he was growing dreadfully hungry. Though not caring for candy he had to have something to appease his hunger, so he picked up a little candy school boy (who was only four inches high) and ate him.

Then he pulled off the roof of the schoolhouse, which disappeared in a like manner. When the teacher came out to see what all the excitement was about Johnny broke him into a thousand pieces. After a long time he came to a great arched gateway over which was a sign reading:

GINGER BREAD LAND

(The Ginger bread people always spell bread with a capital).

Home at last! Johnny started to run and then stopped in surprise. Everyone was dressed in black and all the buildings were draped in it. But why? What was the reason? He rushed up to the palace and gasped with dismay as he saw that it too was draped in black. As he was well known in Gingerbread Land he was not molested by any guards as he ran up the steps. The

queen met him on the veranda. Little sugary tears were running down her plump doughy countenance and she was plainly very, very sad.

"What is the matter, Your Majesty?" asked Johnny.

"The King is dead," she answered simply.

Now Johnny had always loved the queen, so he did not lose this chance to propose to her and—she accepted. So that afternoon, instead of a funeral there was a wedding. The next day they had the other king's funeral, and after that Johnny and his Gingerbread Queen lived happily ever after.



SPRING

MARGARET KASTING, 8-B.

'TIS SPRING, again 'tis Spring!
The little birds in the tree-tops sing;
And the brook is singing its joyful song,
As it runs and ripples and sparkles along.

'Tis Spring, again, 'tis Spring!
The robins have come and the blue-birds sing
And the air is sweet with their joyful song
O, these are the joys that to Spring belong!

THE STREAMLET

PEARL ACKERET, '21.

FROM the summit of the hill
With a force that broke in foam,
Came a clear and dancing rill
Leeping from its lofty home.

Then the clear and sparkling water
As it passed the old pine tree
Seemed to laugh and chatter
As it went on toward the sea.



THE MARQUESAN VENUS

TIPTON BLISH, JR., '21.



ASTON PIERROT, (born Isaac Bergstein), was a poor struggling poet blest with rich friends and a Puritanical sense of morality. He declared that if he had wished to debase himself by writing "popular, foolish, love poems" he could have achieved fame and fortune in a minute. As it was, however, he confined himself to the writing of verses praising the beauties of Nature and New York and was the founder and president of the Society for the Suppression of Indecent Verse.

One day having, it seemed, exhausted all of his old subject matter, he resolved to make a name for himself by writing an epic dealing with the adventures of a castaway on a South Sea Island. He would go to some far off archipelago, live as a native for a few months, and then come back with a poem that would win for him the praise of the entire world.

So he went to his friend, Reginald Reading, who, on hearing the plan, agreed to leave him on some perfectly respectable desert island.

* * * * *

Two months later we find Reggie and Gaston chatting on the deck of Reggie's yacht, anchored off the shore of a beautiful, but apparently uninhabited island, of the Marquesas group. In a small boat, moored to the side of the yacht was a sea chest which Reggie had packed, and which Gaston was not to open until after his first night on the island.

Although it was still early morning, the merciless rays of the southern sun beat down on the deck, causing Reggie to sweat and swear while the more gentle Gaston merely perspired. About nine o'clock Gaston stepped in his dory and began to row ashore. As the great swells bore him along, the yacht slowly steamed away and when he had landed it was only a speck on the horizon. He pulled his boat high upon the beach and began to set up a camp.

When he had finished his work he was almost starving—at least it seemed starvation to Gaston, so he lunched on a cocoanut and some salt water. After his lunch he set out to explore the island; after about an hour's search he became greatly worried because he had found no cave. Weren't there always caves on desert islands? There had been on all the desert islands which he had read about in "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," and "Jules Verne." It would be pure folly to attempt to live on a desert island without a cave. It simply wasn't being done.

After he had walked along the shore for several miles he came to a large, sluggish stream which flowed into the ocean. He followed the stream inward for about half a mile, until it broadened out into a large, peaceful lagoon. Gaston believed it to be the most beautiful place he had ever seen. He sat on the beach, entranced by the beauty of his surroundings.

It was growing late, the sun set, and the stars came out one by one and there he fell asleep under the pale light of the Southern Cross. He awoke about two o'clock in the morning; the stars were shining brightly and a red glow appeared behind a hill across the lagoon; the chills crept up and down his spine as he heard the rythmical beating of many tom-toms and the chanting of a thousand uncivilized men. The terrified Gaston burrowed down into the sand, his hair stood on end, and he trembled from head to foot. After what seemed an interminable length of time the noise faded into a few unintelligible shouts, and then died away altogether. Tired as he was, sleep would not come and he lay there terrified, until the light of dawn appeared in the eastern sky.

On arising he hurried back to his camp, but found that it had been unmolested during the night. Then, remembering that he had passed his first night on the island, he opened the chest which Reggie had packed. To his surprise and disappointment all that it contained was a wireless apparatus and a box of writing materials. On a book of radio instructions was written the injunction: "Use this when you get cold feet." Gaston could have wept.

Then, in search of adventure, he set out to look for any traces of the savages, who had so terrified him during the night. Not far beyond the stream which flowed from the lagoon, he discovered the smouldering remains of a great campfire; around the fire was a great circle made by hundreds of human feet, like the fairy rings of old England. Near the fire was a mound of large white rocks and sand. However, on going closer, Gaston was nearly petrified with horror as he realized that the stones were human skulls and the sand the ashes of human bodies. When he regained control of himself, he fled in terror to the banks of the lagoon, where he threw himself on the sand, gasping for breadth. Here he lay for hours, dazed and terrified.

When he finally came to his senses he began to carefully observe the scene in order to be able to describe it more accurately in verse, as a setting for his "master poem." It seemed to him that he could feel the presence of some human being. Yes, at the top of a high rock on the opposite bank of the lagoon he saw the figure of a woman outlined against the sky. She slowly bent forward and dove into the sparkling water thirty feet beneath her. Gaston held his breath until he saw that she was again safe at the top of the bluff. As she stood there with her arms upraised for another dive the rays of the afternoon sun struck her full in the face. There silhouetted against the sky was the most beautiful woman Gaston had ever seen; her dusky face was lit up with the fire of happiness and the joy of life. Gaston felt a strange emotion sweep over him which he had never felt before; it was a case of love at first

sight. As she plunged into the water he cried out in fear, but although she left the water immediately, she disappeared into the woods.

When the trees hid her from view, Gaston returned slowly to his camp on the shore. He had eaten nothing during the day, but he was not hungry. He sat there on his chest, gazing out to sea, but he neither heard nor saw the waves breaking over the reef of coral. His mind and heart were back at that inland pool with the Marquesan Venus diving into the clear, blue water. He remained there for hours, motionless as a statue, unconscious of anything around him.

When he finally awoke from his reverie it was past midnight. The stars were gleaming down at him from their places in the heavens. He heard again the beating of the distant drums and the wailing song of the cannibals, but they no longer held any terrors for him. In the joy of his new found happiness he felt himself safe from all bodily harm. The barbarous song was sweet music to his ears; he christened his new home the "Isle of Perfect Love," and then dozed off into a peaceful slumber, lulled to sleep by the imaginary sound of her voice.

On waking in the morning he seized his pen and paper and dashed off his first love poem, "To a Marquesan Venus." After finishing this first attempt, he learned that he could write verses of love until the end of time and then he would have touched one phase of the subject. By noon he had written no less than twenty-seven separate poems—enough to fill a book. Then, realizing how foolish he had been in former years, he wirelessed back his resignation as president of the Society for the Suppression of Indecent Verse. What a sensation it would create in New York literary circles!

Then, after eating a light lunch, he set out to find his soul-mate. Near the cannibals' fire he discovered a well beaten path which led off into the forest. He followed this inland, confident that it would lead him to her home. Soon he came to a group of deserted thatch huts, adorned with human skulls and bones, but hideous as they were, he was not frightened and continued his search.

The path made a sharp turn and there, in a small clearing, with her back toward him, was the girl of the lagoon. A thick skirt enveloped her from the shoulders to the knees, a coral necklace encircled her throat and she seemed to be removing a garland of flowers from the thick, black, glossy hair which reached below her waist. But to his great horror, instead of removing merely the wreath, she lifted the hair from her head and dropped it to the ground, uncovering a hideous mop of bobbed, peroxidized "frizziness." Gaston groaned. The girl turned and he recognized Dottie Darlington, the "movie" queen. Just then a white man, whom Gaston recognized as a famous moving picture director, rushed into the clearing; and with a cry of, "Save me, dearie!" Dottie sank into his arms.

Disgusted, Gaston fled from the scene, and did not stop until he reached his boat. There he immediately set up his radio apparatus and wirelessed for Reggie to come and take him home.

When he was safe on the yacht he began to tell his experiences to Reggie, who listened patiently for a while and then burst into a roar of laughter. Then he told Gaston that he had known all the time that the Sextangle Film Company was taking scenes for their "master picture," "Marquesan Love," on this island, and that he had purposely left Gaston there, thinking that perhaps it might cure him of some of his foolish ideas about poetry. It had.

* * * * *

Is it all true?

Well, we're not sure, but it makes a wonderful publicity for Gaston's new book of poems, "To A Marquesan Venus."





MORNING

ESTHER JONES

I WALKED BESIDE A SPARKLING STREAM
WHERE BUTTERCUPS AND VIOLETS GREW
WHILE THE SUN SENT FORTH ITS FIRST BRIGHT RAY
WHICH GLEAMED LIKE DIAMONDS IN THE DEW

A COOL BREEZE WHISPERED IN THE TREES
THE SWEET BIRDS FILLED THE AIR WITH SONG
THE CLEAR STREAM GURGLED OVER ROCKS
CARRYING LEAVES AND FLOWERS ALONG

I STOOD BESIDE AN OLD OAK TREE
AND GAZING WHERE A LILY GREW
I SAW A TINY FAIRY CAME
TO BATHE ITS FACE IN THE LILY'S DEW



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EDITORIAL



JUST as in nineteen twenty-one B. C. the call of Jehovah came to Abraham, bidding him arise and leave his native Ur of the Chaldees and journey into a strange and unknown land, where it was promised that, with Divine aid, he should gain renown for himself and his line and be the father of a race that would be numbered as the stars of the heavens and the sand of the sea-shore—just as the call came to him then, in that far-off time of antiquity, so it comes to us Seniors now in nineteen twenty-one A. D., as we leave the portals of our school, bidding us go forth into the world where we too may gain renown for ourselves and, more important than all, render some service that will make the world better for our having lived in it. It is the call of opportunity that comes, clear as a bugle and ringing distinctly in our ears—a call from God Himself arousing us to the possibilities that are in our path, if we will but make the most of the “burning, present moment.”

Few ever hearken to this call but, turning a deaf ear upon it, go blindly along the pathway of life, not knowing what is ahead or on either side. For those who do hearken, however, and who make the most of their lives, there is nothing impossible of accomplishment. The whole world must, and always will, give way to the man who knows himself, who has proved himself superior to the environment in which he was born, and who, through his faith in God, is making the most of his life and is climbing upward towards his goal. But it were far better that the man had never lived who neglects his opportunities. The world will pay little heed to him and in no activity of life will he be given a place of prominence. Though his life may be gay and seem of much importance as he goes recklessly on, yet in his old age as he begins to acquire for the first time a bit of common sense, he will look back with regret at his wasted years and long for the impossible; that of living his life over.

Seniors, the challenge is to us. Will we make the most of our opportunities and live such lives that will be examples to others, or will we spend our time uselessly and aimlessly? Will our lives be characterized at last by the world “Success,” or “Failure”? We are young, and life, with all its opportunity, is before us. Let us begin now to spend our time and our energy profitably and to make the best of ourselves, so that at the end of our journey, when we look back, we may say with conviction,

“Had I my life to live over I would do likewise.”

TO THE THINKER

(To the Statue of "The Thinker," by Rodin)

ALICE SEYMOUR, '21.

SILENT, peaceful Thinker, inspire me,
With thy noble thoughts endow me;
Let not my efforts be in vain:
I have yet the goal to gain.
My thoughts chisel not for portals of fame,
But kindle my soul to a living flame;
O Father of Thought, in the rounding year
When memory brings back my schooldays dear;
May I still go on without a fear,
And God be with me, ever near.





IN MEMORIAM

EVELYN OLBRICH, 80 CLASS, JAN. 17, 1921.



DOROTHY KEACH, 78 CLASS, MAR. 14, 1921.

IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE
IN BULK BOTH MAKE MAN BETTER BE;
OR STANDING LONG AN OAK, THREE HUNDRED YEAR,
TO FALL A LOG AT LAST, DRY, BOLD, AND SERE;

A LILY OF A DAY

IS FAIRER FAR IN MAY,

ALTHOUGH IT FALL AND DIE THAT NIGHT—
IT WAS THE PLANT AND FLOWER OF HEIGHT:
IN SMALL PROPORTIONS WE JUST BEAUTIES SEE,
AND IN SHORT MEASURES LIFE MAY PERFECT BE.



HONOR ROLL

1917-1921

CREDITS

PTS

LUCILE WALTERS

42 $\frac{3}{4}$

39

FRANK MILLER

4 $\frac{1}{4}$

36 $\frac{1}{2}$

ALICE SEYMOUR

40

31

JOE ANDREWS

37 $\frac{1}{4}$

24

TIPTON BLISH

32

24

PEARL ACKERET

33 $\frac{1}{4}$

21

FRANCIS MIZCH

32 $\frac{3}{4}$

21

THE SENIARS

PROVIDETE

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FLOWER~FLAG

COLORS~GOLD AND BLUE

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TREASURER

WANETA ALBRICH

FOUR years have we been companions here,
But the time has come to part;
And the years to some will bring sweet joy,
To others an aching heart;
But now we stand on the threshold of life,
And we have the chance to choose,
And the choice we make will decide for us
Whether we win or lose.
May we choose aright as we leave our school
For the broader walks and ways,
And attain our goals, then turn awhile
To recall our High School days.

ESTHER JONES, '21.



HENRY ABBETT

What is that mournful sound? Only Heinie imitating Caruso as he "monkeys" in the physics laboratory.



PEARL ACKERT

"I've been crazy about the boys ever since I was six years old."



WANETA ALBRICH

"I may be small but I'm all Basil can handle."



JOE ANDREWS

"U-u-u-u-p! I just can't remember the speed limits."



TIPTON BLISH

"I'm contemplating being stroke oar on the Harvard crew."



HOWARD BLUMER

We girls like Howard. He's our "candy lamb."



WILLIAM BRACKEMYER

We'll miss Bill most next year when the opponents make a rush for our goal.



FORREST BROCKHOFF

Forrest is champion seller of operetta tickets—he only sold FIFTY-NINE. We recommend him to any firm in need of a live result-getting salesman.



EDWINA CARSON

*Edwina's hard to understand,
But her friends say, "Just the same
She's good at keeping secrets,
And 'Old Stand-By' is her name."*



CALVIN DOBBINS

We have our doubts as to the trend of Dobbie's ambitions—whether he desires to be a cartoonist or a contortionist.



FLORENCE DOWNING

*Pies and cakes she always makes
And everything that's good to eat;
Of all the rest, she is the best
And her "grub" is hard to beat.*



FRANCES DOWNS

*At times she's quiet, at times she's gay,
So we conclude, her heart's far away.*



MARGUERITE EDGAR

Marguerite and the piano go hand in hand.



SHIRLEY FAULKCONER

We recommend Hickey as sporting editor for one of our metropolitan dailies. He can write up anything from a basketball game to a rooster fight.



MILDRED FETTIG.

"If you know how to do a thing you can do it; but if you can't do it, it's a sure sign you don't know how.



MABEL GREEN

She's everything but what her name signifies.



MARGARET GUTHRIE

The defeater of all she surveys.



ELLSWORTH HAGEL

After hiking to Brown County Ellsworth decided he wouldn't be a soldier of fortune after all.



HARRY HEDGES

At first we thought Harry was inclined to become an electrician, but of late it seems he has been drifting towards the Business College.



TOM HUMES

*When I was a little he
My mother took me on her knee,
Little did she know I'd break the rule
Twelve years hence, by skipping school.*



ESTHER JONES

*Fee, fi, fo, fum,
Esther is the poetical one;
Be it blank verse or be it rhyme,
She is superior every time.*



RUBY JOSLIN

*Ruby has learned that the worst policy is
not to tell all you know, but to tell more than
you know.*



ROBERT KEACH

*"I'll take a long shot whether I make it or
not. Kate may be in the audience."*



ALMA KRUGE

A modern "Samsoness."



HELEN LINKE

Helen doesn't pay any attention to Seymour boys. Her attentions are directed elsewhere.



AGNES LUCAS

Agnes assures us that her main reason for coming to S. H. S. was to see if absence makes the heart grow fonder. It did.



RALPH MACK

Ralph likes everything good and Dunn.



WILLIAM MAINS

Bill is a refutation of the statement that pretty babies make homely men.



CHARLES MAPLE

Charles is famous for his laugh. He claims to have a patent on it.



FRANK MILLER

Miller is the first fellow in the history of S. H. S. who, with his complexion, has escaped the nickname "Red."



FRANCIS MISCH

We've heard it said that Francis is the object of many a feminine attention. But alas! he payeth little heed to fair dames.



EARL PARKER

Earl can amuse himself by thinking up crazy things and laughing over them.



ESTHER PHILLIPS

It's the little things that count in life.



ELSIE REIDER

She can entertain anything from Hickey to a canary bird.



ALBA ROGERS

*Alba has a Latin book,
Vergil is its name;
She can read that Latin book
Like English just the same.*



LOUIS SCHAEFER

An occasional frown and wrinkling of the brow on Louis' part leads us to believe he is thinking.



ALICE SEYMOUR

*Alice is so very wise,
She can talk and she can rave;
And every time she makes a speech,
Old Cicero turns in his grave.*



MACK SHIEL

My chief accomplishment—yell leading!



OLIVE STANTS

A red-haired girl can always get a man.



GLENN SUTTON

*Sutton's record in Senior English proves that
he, too, learned that a person can do thing if
he will.*



LUCILE WALTERS

"Think I didn't outwit you, Frank."



BERTHA WELLER

Like Achilles she has a weak spot. She just can't help loving athletics.



GEORGE WELLER

This, another Weller, has made himself illustrious in our school.



FLORENCE WIETHOFF

*Florence is a girl of many arts,
From playing the piano to "smashing" hearts.*

WHEN SPRING HAS TOUCHED THE CAMPUS

MARGUERITE EDGAR, '21.

THERE's a time in every high school,
Be it great or be it small,
When the students are so happy,
Big and little, one and all;
But it isn't in the autumn,
Nor the winter, cold and stern
When the lover's joy is dampened
By the price of coal they burn;
No, the time above all others when
We're gay, and laugh and shout,
Is when Spring has touched the campus,
And the "cases" are all out.

Then the teachers give short lessons,
Mindful of their high school joys
When in their own life's fair morning,
They were happy girls and boys;
And they murmur, "Bless the children!
It can't hurt them! Let them go!
For they'll have it all forgotten
By next autumn, don't you know."
High School "cases" seldom last long,
But they're bad while they're enroute,
Now that spring has touched the campus
And the "couples" are all out.

Oh! it's great to be a Wilson,
And have a world-known name;
It's great to be a millionaire,
And win newspaper fame;
It's fun to be a little boy
When a circus comes to town,
Or it's great to be a teacher
And to call the classes down.
But for joy and real amusement,
Better far, without a doubt,
Be a student at Shields High School
When the "cases" all are out.

THE JUNIORS

CARRY ON

TREE~OAK

FLOWER~RED ROSE

COLORS~RED AND WHITE

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VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER

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KATHRYN KIRSCH
MATILDA KESSLER
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CONSTANCE ADAMS
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CHESTER FILL
ALICE FOSTER
FRANCIS GEILE
FRANCES GILL
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DONALD MILLER
MAURICE MONTGOMERY
LEONARD PFAFFENBERGER
FERN RHODS
MARGARET RIEHL
RUTH ROBERTSON
CHARLES ROSS
HERCHALL RUDDICK
LLOYD SCHAFFER
DOROTHY SMITH
CARRIE STEWART
LOUISE WERNING
HAMER WESNER
GEORGE WILSON



THE SAPPHIRES

BERTRAM ADAMS
LEWIS ADAMS
EUNICE ALEXANDER
HUGH ANDREWS
OPAL BALDWIN
WILBUR BALDWIN
PEARL BANTA
ROBERT BARBOUR
NORMA BARKMAN
THEODORE BARTLETT
ARTHUR BECKER
THELMA BELL
INEZ BEUKMAN
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EVA HEIN
MINNIE HELT
ERNEST HERRING
JAMES HONAN
GLADYS HOPPLE
GLADYS HUDSON
RUTH HUMES
JARVIS HYATT

WALTER HYATT
CATHERINE JAMES
MARY JOHNSON
MARY JUDD
WILBUR KASTING
CHARLES KEACH
DOROTHY KELLEY
LYDIA KRUGE
MARIE LAHNE
ESTHER LEMEN
CHARLES LINKE
VERA LOCKMUND
DOROTHY MAHORNEY
EARL McCANN
HERSCHEL McCLINTICK
ROBERT McCORD
HAROLD MISAMORE
RUBY MONTGOMERY
NELLE PEASE
FRANCIS RICHART
AGNES RIORDAN
CARL ROGERS
LAWRENCE RUDDICK
LESLIE RUSSELL
RAY SCHARFENBERGER
HELEN SHANNON
BERYL SHIELDS
EDNA SIMON
MARIAN SIMON
ELIZABETH SMITH
PAUL STAPLES
ELMA STARK
ERMA STARK
CLIFFORD STORY
DOROTHY STORY
FRANKLIN SWAIN
LOUISE TASKEY
EARL THOMPSON
GLENN UTTERBACK
CORNELIUS WALKER
MARY WHITE
EDITH ZIMMERMAN



THE FRESHMEN

KATHRYN ACKERT
HARRY BALDWIN
LOIS BARTLETT
MELVIN BELL
BESSIE BEACH
ESTHER BIDDLE
ELLEN BLACK
LEE BLEVIN
ALFRED BLEVINS
ELSIA BLEVINS
TOM BOLLINGER
EARL BOOTH
RUTH BOTTORFF
GRACE BRACKEMYRE
DONALD BUSH
GERTRUDE BRADBURY
DONALD H. BUSH
JEANETTE CARSON
MAURICE CHENOWETH
RUTH COMBS
RAYMOND DAILY
BERLY DANNETTELE
NELLA DAVIS
WILMA DEATS
JUANITA DECKER
FREEMAN DICKASON
MANUEL DOUGHERTY
MARION DOUGHERTY
LETHA DOWNEY
ROWETA DUNCAN
CATHERINE EAST
LOUIS ECKSTEIN
LOUIS ELSNER
RAYMOND FEASTER
MARY FETTIG

CARL FILL
THELMA FINDLEY
CLIFFTON FISCHBACH
LAURA FOIST
JOHN FORWAY
BERNICE FOSTER
DURWARD GARDNER
FLORENCE GRIMES
JAMES GRUBER
ALLEN HALL
JOHN HARGROVE
ESTHER HEIWIG
MALCOLM HELT
EDWIN HILL
STANLEY HILL
HENBY HIRTZEL
RAYMOND HOEVENER
JOHN JOHNSON
JOSEPH JOHNSON
OPAL KASTING
ROBERT KASTING
HARRY KREWELL
RALPH LEMP
GRAESSLE LEWIS
FORREST MALICK
IRENE McCLINTOCK
KENNETH McDONALD
AVIS McPIKE
HAROLD MILBURN
ALFRED MILLER
DONALD MISAMORE
ROBERT MISCH
D'VE MITCHELL
DONALD MOORE
VENEDA MOORE

DOROTHY MONTGOMERY
HENRIETTA MONTGOMERY
FRANCIS NICHOLSON
MILDRED NOELKER
EUGENE OEHLBERG
CLARENCE OTIS
EVERETT OTTE
MARCEDES PARKER
CLARENCE POWERS
WALTER QUADDE
MURIELOW ROBBINS
HOWARD ROSS
ELGIN RUCKER
WILLIAM SCHLUESEMEIER
VIRGINIA SMITH
IRENE SPEAR
ELSIE SPURGEON
ALMA STEINKER
GLADYS STEVENS
WILLIAM STEWARD
SUSIE SWENGEL
LEONARD TAULMAN
CLARICE TAYLOR
LENORA THICKSTEN
HARRY THOMPSON
MINNA VON FANGE
EVA WEBB
DARRELL WELFER
TOM WHITSON
EDITH WHEELER
EARL WOLTER
EUGENE WRIGHT
MADELINE YOUNG
MILDRED YOUNG
LOUIS ZICKLER





JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

8-A Class

LAWRENCE ACKERMAN
ANNA ALBRICH
EDWARD BROOKS
GERALD BROWNING
RUTH CHRISTIE
IRENE CLIFTON
LANDIS COOPER
LORAIN COX
RUTH CROUCHER
ROBERT DAY
NORRIS GARVEY
DAVID GREEN
HAZEL GREEN
JESSIE HALL
ALICE HALL
JOHN HAUENSCHILD
HERBERT HEACOCK

CARL HUSTEDT
DOROTHY JACOBS
WILMA LAWRENCE
FREDDA LEE
HAZEL LEE
VERGIL LUNTE
WALTER MASCHINO
WILLIAM MILLER
CLAUDE MITCHELL
MADGE MOREN
CHARLES MORITZ
WILLIAM NIEMAN
HOWARD PARKER
SYLVESTER PEASE
LENORA PICKERRELL
GLADYS PRATHER
MADELINE RAEBURN

WILLIAM RODERT
DOROTHY ROUTH
HELEN SCHAEFER
WILMA SPARKS
ARLO STAUFFER
VONDA STEWART
EDWIN SULLIVAN
MARGARET SUMNER
NOLA SWEET
RALPH SWEET
RUBY UTTERBACK
FREDERICK WALKER
DOROTHY WALTERS
SAM WHITSON
HARROLD WINKLER
MARY WORLEY

8-B Class

WILLIAM ABRAHAM
ALICE BECKER
ERNEST BLEVINS
EDWIN BLISH
RUTH BLUMER
HOWARD BUCKLEY
MAURICE BROWNING
GEORGE BRYAN
JEANETTE CLARK
VELMA COOPER
WILLIS COX
MARION DICKASON

PAUL DOUGLASS
MARGARET DUNN
THIRZA FRANCIS
WALLACE GARVEY
THELMA HUDSON
MARGARET KASTING
SARA KEACH
PHYLLIS KEITH
LAURA LANGE
FRANCIS LEWIS
GEORGE LOCKMUND
GLADYS McCORD

GORDON MILLER
LYNN MILLER
VEARL ORTELL
ROBERT PARKER
ESTA PRATHER
VENICE RADER
ROBERT SPRINGER
SYLVIA STANTS
PAUL STEINKAMP
DOROTHY STEINKAMP
MURIEL TRUEBLOOD

7-A Class

ELIZA ABBETT
FRANK ANDERSON
THOMAS AUFENBERG
LLOYD BULGER
HOWARD CARTER
MABEL CHAMBERS
MAYNARD CHILDS
DOROTHY CLARK
ALICE COBB
EARL COX
PHILIP COX
WERNER COX
BLANCHE DAILY
LOLA ELLIOTT
AGNES GOINS
KERNAL GOODWIN
ALTON GORBET
GEORGE GREEN

ADDIE GREEN
RUSSELL HAMER
MARGARET JACOBS
ROSS JONES
ALBERT JUDD
JENNIE LAHNE
JOHN LAHNE
DORIS LEE
EDNA LIEBRANDT
DENNIS MAHONEY
RUTH MESEKE
EARL MIZE
MABEL MIZE
HELEN McCURDY
ALBERT MYERS
MILDRED MYERS
DALLAS NOBLE
VERA OEHLBERG

CLARICE OTTO
LENNIE PFAFFENBERGER
WILBUR PHILLIPS
FRANCIS PICKERRELL
ALBERT REATER
RUTH RITZ
PAUL RUDDICK
EARL RUSSELL
RUTH SEWELL
WILLARD STARK
AVALINE STAUFFER
OJIVER STEINBERGER
VERGIL SWEANY
PEARL SWEANY
DALLAS THOMAS
RUTH WHITE
MINNIE WILLIAMSON
ATHOS WOOLLS

7-B Class

JOYCE ACKERMAN
LESTER ANDERSON
JESSIE BELL
ROGER BILLINGS
WESLEY BORCHERDING
FRANCIS BROOKS
GEORGE BURRELL
GERTRUDE CALLAHAN
ALMA CHARLES
BYRON CHENOWETH
DORIS CHILDS

EDWARD DOUGLAS
RUTH DUNN
LAWRENCE FAHAY
MADELINE FINDLEY
LOUISE FREELAND
LOIS GILBERT
DELBERT GOSSETT
NEAL HENNESSY
EARL HOOPER
AGNES JAYNES
MARIAN MITTON

ROBERT PFAFFENBERGER
ROY PFAFFENBERGER
CARL PHILLIPS
JOHN PRALL
JOYCE STEINKAMP
LOUIS TORORG
DELORIE VANHOY
ROY WILLIAMS
BENJAMIN YOUNT
LOIS ZIMMERMAN







GIRLS GLEE CLUB

LUCILE WALTERS, Pianist

PEARL ACKERET
 EUNICE ALEXANDER
 PEARL BANTA
 NORMA BARKMAN
 ELLEN BLACK
 GLADYS BREITFIELD
 MARY BROWN
 ELVA CARTER
 HARRIETTE CLARK
 HELEN CRABB
 FLORENCE DOWNING
 ETHEL DUNN
 MARGUERITE EDGAR
 MILDRED FETTIG
 MABLE GREEN
 FLORENCE GRIMES
 EVA HIEN
 ESTHER HEIWIIG
 STELLA HELLEWELL
 GLADYS HOPPLE
 RUTH HUMES
 ELIZABETH JAMES

MARY JOHNSON
 LOUISE JOHNSON
 ESTHER JONES
 MARY JUDD
 DOROTHY KELLEY
 MATILDA KESSLER
 KATHRYN KIRSCH
 ELOISE LEE
 VERA LOCKMUND
 VENEDA MOORE
 ESTHER PHILLIPS
 ELSIE REIDER
 MARGARET BIEHL
 ALBA ROGERS
 DOROTHY ROUTT
 DOROTHY SMITH
 ELIZABETH SMITH
 ELMA STARK
 ERMA STARK
 BERTHA WELLER
 LOUISE WERNING
 MARY WHITE

FLORENCE WIETHOFF



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Piano

KATHRYN KIRSCH

Saxophones

JOE ANDREWS

KERVAL GOODWIN

Trombone

RAY JULIAN

Bass

WILBUR BALDWIN

Cello

ELGIN RUCKER

Violins

PEARL BANTA

EMALYN COLLINS

ETHEL DUNN

MARGARET DUNN

JAMES HONAN

VERA LOCKMUND

DONALD MOORE

CLARENCE OTIS

MADELINE RAEBURN

FRANCIS RICHART

MARIAN SIMON

DOROTHY SMITH

ELIZABETH SMITH

ELMA STARK

ERMA STARK



THE MAN ON THE BOX

Lieutenant Robert Worbuton, <i>lately resigned.</i> . . .	ROBERT KEACH
Mr. Charles Henderson, <i>his chum</i>	TIPTON BLISH
Col. George Annesley, <i>a retired army officer</i>	FRANCIS MISCH
Count Karloff, <i>a Russian diplomat</i>	RALPH MACK
Col. Frank Raleigh, <i>Worburton's Regimental Colonel</i> .	TOM HUMES
Monsieur Pierre, <i>the Annesley's chef</i>	WILLIAM MAINS
Magistrate Watts, <i>of the Third Precinct Court</i> . . .	JOE ANDREWS
Clerk of the Court	HOWARD BLUMER
Officer O'Brien, <i>of the Mounted Police</i>	FRANK MILLER
Officer Cassidy, <i>of the Third Precinct Police Station</i> .	GLEN SUTTON
William, <i>a stableboy</i>	HARRY HEDGES
Miss Betty Annesley, <i>the Colonel's Daughter</i> . . .	FLORENCE WIETHOFF
Miss Nancy Worburton, <i>her chum</i>	HELEN LINKE
Mrs. Conway, <i>her confident</i>	LUCILE WALTERS
Cora, <i>her maid</i>	OLIVE STANTS



FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM

Fanny	MARGARET GUTHRIE
Vernon Wetherell, Lord Bantock, <i>her husband</i>	SHIRLEY FAULKCONER
Martin Bennet, <i>her butler</i>	CHARLES MAPLE
Susannah Bennet, <i>her housekeeper</i>	FLORENCE DOWNING
Jane Bennet, <i>her maid</i>	MARGUERITE EDGAR
Ernest Bennet, <i>her second footman</i>	CALVIN DOBBINS
Honorina Bennet, <i>her still-room maid</i>	ALBA ROGERS
The Misses Wetherell, <i>her aunts by marriage</i>	PEARL ACKERET
Dr. Freemantle, <i>her local medical man</i>	ELSIE REIDER
George P. Newte, <i>her former business manager</i>	MACK SHIEL
	ELLSWORTH HAGEL

"OUR EMPIRE"—HER FORMER COMPANIONS.

England	ALICE SEYMOUR	New Zealand	FRANCES DOWNS
Scotland	RUBY JOSLIN	Africa	WANETA ALBRICH
Ireland	ESTHER PHILLIPS	India	MILDRED FETTIG
Wales	BERTHA WELLER	New Foundland	MABLE GREEN
Canada	ALMA KRUGE	Malay Archipelago	ESTHER JONES
Australia	EDWINA CARSON	Straits Settlement	AGNES LUCAS

MISS BOB WHITE

A musical comedy presented by the John B. Rogers Producing Company, under the auspices of the Seymour Public Schools, on Monday and Tuesday, February 21 and 22, 1921.

Artie Tre Billion	<i>Millionaires, who are forced by</i>	ROBERT KEACH
and	<i>losing an election bet to become</i>	
Billy Van Million	<i>tramps for two months.</i>	KINGSLEY BRINKLOW
Friend Rodd, a well-to-do Quaker farmer who works		
tramps		STANLEY SWITZER
Duke of High Titles, an English peer with ancestors,		
father of Lord Bashful		LEONARD BARTLETT
Lord Bashful, an ardent fox hunter, in love with Phyllis		MAURICE MACKEY
Jack, also in love with Phyllis		CHARLES MAPLE
Clare Livingston, "Miss Bob White"		MARION SHAW
Phyllis, daughter of Friend Rodd		WILMA COLEMEYER
Miss Autumn, a One-only-al-dame		RACHEL BARBOUR
Maggie, a maid		ESTHER PHILLIPS
O'Yankemin, a suburban Irish policeman		HARRY HEDGES
George Washington Devere, Tre Billion's butler		FORREST BROCKHOFF
Specialty Man		EARL HARRINGTON

Fox Hunters, One-only-al-dames, Bob White Chorus, Milkmaids and Farmers, Flirtation Group, I Can't Keep from Loving the Girls, Roses, Jackies, Bubble Land Chorus.



HIGH SCHOOL DISCUSSION LEAGUE

The High School Discussion League, sponsored by Indiana University, is an organization which fosters and encourages public speaking in the high schools of the state. The subject given out yearly for discussion is always one of timely interest and Shields High School feels that it is greatly benefited by every contest in which it participates. Frank K. Miller was chosen at the local contest to represent Seymour and Alice M. Seymour was selected as alternate. Frank made a creditable showing for himself in the district contest at Madison, as all three of the judges gave him first place. Considerable enthusiasm was enkindled and great hopes were entertained for his chances in the state contest at Bloomington. Though his oration was very forceful and well given and his reasoning logical, the judges decided against him and our hopes were shattered.

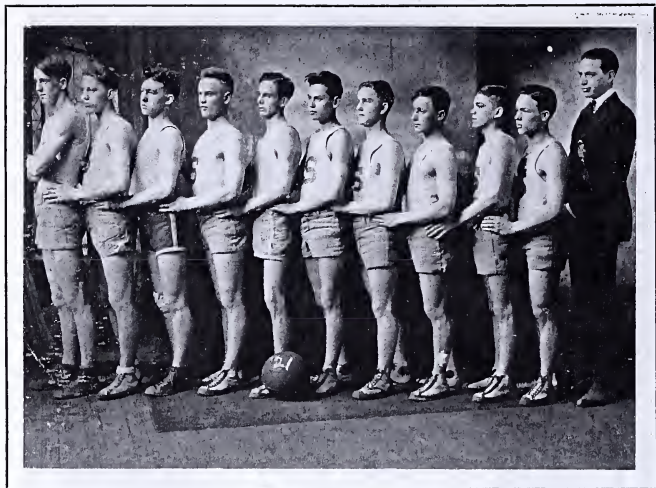
At present we are looking forward to see who WILL win the state contest for us next year.

* * * * *

In the earlier part of the year a practice debate was held at assembly with the subject, "Resolved, That the Wilson League of Nations be Accepted." The affirmative was supported by Frank Miller and Ralph Mack; the negative, by Harvey Green and Charles Maple. The arguments were given by members of both sides with special enthusiasm, as the national election was then pending; and the school anxiously awaited the decision of the judges. Finally it came, and a peculiar one it was—a tie!

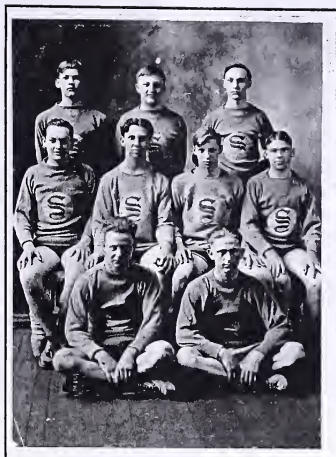
ATHLETICS





VARSITY BASKET BALL

The Athletic Association was reorganized in October with Robert Keach, President; Frank Miller, Vice-president; Elsie Reider, Secretary and Joe Andrews, Treasurer. About three hundred members were enrolled. Much enthusiasm was aroused and when Coach Mitchell issued a call for candidates for the basketball team about thirty-five candidates responded of which about twenty remained throughout the season. Although the team lost some hard luck games at the beginning of the season their persistence told and they came through the season with a record of two-thirds won. The necessity of a good gymnasium was greatly felt as many people were turned away at every game and many of the teams that played here stated that it was their last visit to Seymour until a new gymnasium is built. Keach, Brackemeyer and Mack are the only three of the ten men who graduate and Coach Mitchell has great hopes of turning out one of the strongest teams in the state next year.



SECOND TEAM

Due to the basketball spirit in the school this year we were able to organize two teams with independent schedules. The second team was very successful during the season of its debut, coming through the season with seven victories and four defeats.

The team was composed of the following members:

Forwards	Centers	Guards
SHIEL	F. MISCH	SCHARFENBERGER
HONAN	O. KEACH	ANDREWS
HYATT		WILSON

INTER-CLASS

Contrary to precedent the Juniors won the Inter-Class Basketball Tournament this year by defeating the Seniors in the final game 9-5. The tournament this year attracted much attention as the three upper classes all put out strong teams and the outcome was doubtful. That the Juniors deserved what they won was proved by the hard games they had in the tournament and they had to fight for the title in every game.

Forward	Center	Guards
BANTA	DEAL	FENTON (Capt.)
MILLER		JULIAN
		SCHAFER

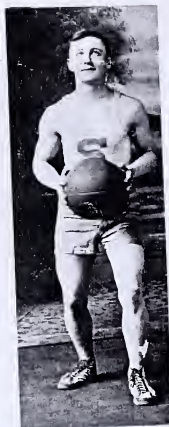




ROBERT KEACH, Captain
Center and Forward
328 points



RAY JULIAN
Guard
2 points



CHARLES BANTA
Forward
165 points



HAROLD MISAMORE
Forward
60 points



JOHN DEAL
Center and Forward
198 points



DONALD MILLER
Forward
58 points



WILLIAM BRACKEMEYER
Guard



RALPH MACK
Guard
2 points



OSCAR FENTON
Guard
113 points



ROBERT BARBOUR
Guard



GIRLS BASKET BALL

Basketball for girls was taken up very enthusiastically this year and much interest was aroused in the game. Several strong class teams were organized and toward the end of the season these teams were welded into a strong varsity team. The girls practiced long and hard and played several curtain raisers for the High School Varsity which never failed to be a big drawing card for the games. Girls' basketball is becoming more popular in the school and although several games with outside schools were scheduled this year, only one was played but the girls have hopes of a schedule based on the varsity method next year.



HIGH SCHOOL BASE-BALL

Spring sports were taken up very enthusiastically this year with emphasis on baseball. The season started with the Inter-Class Tournament which the Sophomores won by defeating the Juniors in the final game 12 - 1. The Big Four League, composed of Edinburg, Columbus, Shelbyville and Seymour was organized and a schedule was arranged for the season. A new team had to be built up as we lost our entire infield and battery of last year by graduation. Captain Baldwin and Coach Henderson worked hard and turned out a strong team and as we only lose one man by graduation we have hopes of a big season next year. The line-up was as follows:

Catcher—CAPT. BALDWIN
Pitchers—COMBS AND WILSON
First Base—DEAL
Second Base—KEACH
Third Base—CHENOWETH

Short-stop—GLASSON
Right Field—MCCLINTOCK
Center Field—KASTING
Left Field—BANTA
Utility—MILBURN, KAUFMAN, MISAMORE

UNIVERSITY SCHEDULE

Oct. 20.	Seymour.....	27	Edinburg	32
Oct. 29.	Seymour.....	26	Brownstown	9
Nov. 5.	Seymour.....	36	West Baden	16
Nov. 12.	Seymour.....	21	Orleans	22
Nov. 19.	Seymour.....	23	Columbus	25
Nov. 20.	Seymour.....	34	Brownstown	8
Nov. 24.	Seymour.....	2	Shelbyville	0
Nov. 26.	Seymour.....	25	S. H. S. Alumni	12
Dec. 3.	Seymour.....	25	Vallonia	17
Dec. 10.	Seymour.....	22	M. T. H. S. Indianapolis	19
Dec. 11.	Seymour.....	23	Washington	27
Dec. 17.	Seymour.....	12	Vallonia	20
Dec. 24.	Seymour.....	28	Washington	22
Jan. 7.	Seymour.....	69	North Vernon	21
Jan. 8.	Seymour.....	23	Edinburg	37
Jan. 14.	Seymour.....	27	West Baden	32
Jan. 21.	Seymour.....	37	Salem	33
Jan. 22.	Seymour.....	46	Hope	14
Jan. 26.	Seymour.....	34	Clearspring	14
Jan. 28.	Seymour.....	12	Smithville	19
Feb. 2.	Seymour.....	31	Scottsburg	27
Feb. 4.	Seymour.....	25	Orleans	18
Feb. 12.	Seymour.....	22	Columbus	39
Feb. 18.	Seymour.....	16	Bedford	50
Feb. 19.	Seymour.....	40	Brownstown	22
	Seymour.....	45	Cortland	15
	Seymour.....	41	Clearspring	16
Feb. 23.	Seymour.....	33	Scottsburg	13
Feb. 25.	Seymour.....	27	North Vernon	17
March 4.	Seymour.....	25	Brownstown	18
March 5.	Seymour.....	23	Hardinsburg	8
	Seymour.....	41	Salem	8
	Seymour.....	11	Scottsburg	14
Seymour's score.....932			Opponent's score664	

Zickety Boom! Rah! Rah!
 Zickety Boom! Rah! Rah!
 Rah! Rah!
 Seymour High Rah! Rah!
 Wheel! Bang!

SECOND TEAM SCHEDULE

Nov. 5.	Seymour.....	34	Brownstown Seconds	8
Nov. 12.	Seymour.....	11	Hope	9
Nov. 19.	Seymour.....	6	Columbus Seconds	14
Nov. 20.	Seymour.....	21	Brownstown Seconds	3
Dec. 3.	Seymour.....	14	Osgood	21
Dec. 10.	Seymour.....	12	Heltonville	17
Dec. 17.	Seymour.....	17	Cortland	14
Jan. 28.	Seymour.....	20	B. S. A. Troop 4	6
Feb. 3.	Seymour.....	33	Lutheran Triangles	17
Feb. 14.	Seymour.....	13	Columbus Seconds	14
Feb. 19.	Seymour.....	14	Crothersville	13
Total.....195			Total.....136	

JOKES.



UTOPIA.

As I was tired in school one day
I fell into a doze,
And sad it is, that which I tell,
I slept from head to toes.

I dreamed of many happy lands,
Too numerous to tell;
These dreams did tend to make me think
This world was all a cell.

Of one such land I now will tell,
Of all its many joys;
This one will be most pleasing
To all the girls and boys.

Of course in this land there were schools,
But they were not like ours;
For one need not be there on time
Or keep the usual hours.

If you should skip, you made an A,
For skipping was the rule;
Or if you tried to take a rest
You were not sent from school.

There was a basketball game each night,
And never did they lose;
They beat them all from Franklin down,
And gave Columbus blues.

And when they shot they made a goal,
And never hit a pipe;
They had a regulation gym,
In length and breadth and height.

Now in this school they had no class
On any day but Sunday,
And then they had to go to church
To be all set for Monday.

In this land I would like to live,
If only for a week,
For then I'd be content to die
And for peace eternal seek.

MISS SMALL—Tell all you can about the Mongolian race, Albert.

ALBERT MYERS—I wasn't there, Miss Small, I went to the ball-game.

MISS HARRIS—We will take this more in detail tomorrow, I just wanted you to get a taste of Bacon today.

THE SADDEST PART OF LIFE.

In the spring when signs of summer,
Grow more urgent every day,
Then man turns his back on woman,
Sees her not from day to day.

Man's chief thought is then of baseball;
Sweethearts are a past event,
As they wander toward the ball park
Women are by men forgot.

This breaks up the time-worn theory
That in springtime love runs rife—
For in truth the spring to woman
Is the saddest part of life.

G. D. '22.

MR. DUE—Lucile, what was the date of the War of 1812?

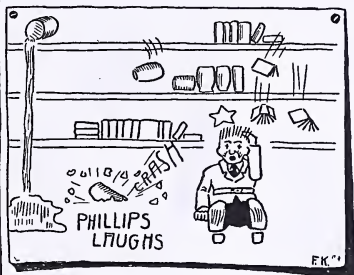
MISS COBB—Calvin, I've warned you at least twenty times not to let me catch you throwing chalk in here.

DOBBIE—Well it's your own fault Miss Cobb for wearing those rubber heels.

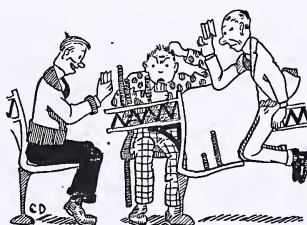
MILLER TAKES A PICTURE



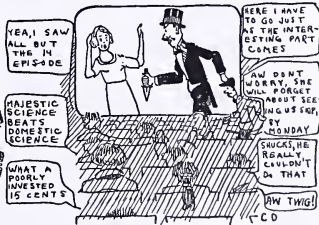
HOWARD B'S
NUMBER TENS



ADDITIONAL COURSES AT S.M.S.



THE SEVENTH PERIOD CLASS.



THE MATINEE CLASS

CD + F.K.

MR. DUE (calling the roll)—Will all those who aren't there quit answering present?

MRS. SWAILS (telling a story)—And then a storm came and blew the wind off the trees.

GLADYS LEE—Are we going to have a new English teacher?

MRS. JENNINGS—Yes, tomorrow.

G. L.—Is she going to be a man?



PARTY'S GETTING ROUGH

MISS DAVISON—What is your name?

'24—Malcom Helt.

MISS D.—How do you spell the last name?

'24—H-e-l—

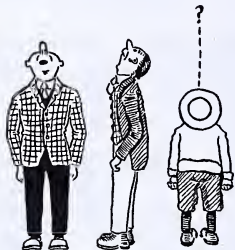
MISS D.—Don't spell any more, that's enough.

MR. PHILLIPS—Shirley, what happens when there is an eclipse of the moon.

HICKEY (innocently)—Lots of people come out and look at it.

I stood upon a mountain,
I gazed down at a plain;
I saw a lot of green stuff
And thought it must be grain.

I then took another look,
I thought it must be grass,
But to my very great surprise,
I saw the Freshman class.



MR. BRINKLOW (in orchestra practice)—Always stop when I cut you off with the stick.

When years have slid by,
Beneath the blue sky—
And there's nothing for you to do,
Just look through this book, and realize
That there have been worse fools than you.

SENIORS

"Provide Eats"

TREE—Slippery Elm

COLORS—Black and Blue.

FLOWER—Skunk Cabbage

JUNIORS

"Eat, Drink and Be Merry"

TREE—Hat-tree

COLORS—Russian Red and White.

FLOWER—The Last Rose of Summer

EVOLUTION OF THE CLASSES

GRASSY

BRASSY

SASSY

CLASSY



Sisters
Sisters



The Artful Ones



Gangway!



Owen and Others



Oh my!



Naughty Lizzie!



Rah! '21 Rah!



Granks



Jump, Ethel!



Utopia

MISS ANDREWS—What does Carlyle mean by a "religious schism?"

GLENN SUTTON—An officer in the church.

MR. BRINKLOW—How many in this class have heard a Symphony Orchestra?

'26—I have, Mr. Brinklow.

MR. B.—When did you hear it?

'26—Miss Gasaway played it on the Victrola for us last year.

MISS SMALL—Charles, what kind of plants flourish in hot weather?

SOL—Ice plants.

MISS VEHS�AGE—Tell all you can about Mohammed.

24—When Mohammed was a young boy he went out into the desert and heard visions.

MISS PAUL—William, have you a kneaded eraser?

BILL MAINS—I had one, but someone needed it worse than I did.

GRACE DUNN—What do you mean by swearing before me, Bob?

BOB BARBOUR—Oh, excuse me Grace, I didn't know that you wanted to, first.

BARBOUR—Mr. Misamore, who was the first to come from the Ark when it landed?

MR. MISAMORE—Noah.

BOB—Why, I thought it said Noah came fourth (forth). There must have been three before him.

MARGARIET REIHL—Oh! I'm just crazy about Madison!

MISS PAUL—Yes, a good many people are crazy about Madison.

MISS HOWE—I wish the 8-A's to pass out and go down to the cooking room and start dyeing immediately.

HIX—Did you know Joe lost three fingers shooting craps?

SOL—No, how did he do it?

HIX—He didn't know they were loaded.

HUBERT HEDGES—Miss Small, how many steeples does this pansy have?

FAULKCONER (during a fight)—Thought you said there was something about me you liked.

REIDER—There was but you spent it.

MISS HANNA—Is Dorothy Routt here?

ETHEL DUNN—Yes, she's here but not yet.

MR. DUE (calling roll)—Margaret Riehl.

MARGARET—Here I am.

MR. D.—Say present or here, Margaret Riehl.

MARGARET—Present or here.

MISS HARRIS—Is George ill?

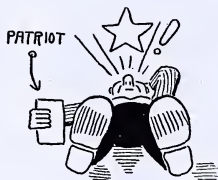
ALBERT MYERS—No'm he's sick.

MISS ANDREWS—How many took some pictures today.

NEPHEW JOE—I did.

MISS A.—How many did you take, Joe?

JOE—Well, I didn't take any myself, but I was in five.



Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
If this page don't kill you
The next one must,



Close Quarters



The Merry Miller



Warming Up



Joy Riders



Ladies Men



Enuf Sed



Out on a spree



Young Hopefuls



MR. PHILLIPS—Can you tell me the effect of the moon on the tide?
HIX—No, but I can tell you its effect on the untied.

MISS WHISENAND—Edith, what is a common noun?
EDITH W.—The name of anything that isn't proper.

REDDINGTON—Mr. Mott sure uses flowery language, doesn't he?
DUDLEYTOWN—Why not? He's well bred.

MISS P.—Marcedes, put your chewing-gum in the waste basket.
MARCEDES—Oh, Miss Paul, I didnt think you saw me.
MISS P.—This was a case of "hearing is belicving."

MR. ACKERMAN—Doris, what is the year 1639 noted for?
DORIS LEE—An important event.

MISS KESSLER—Another name for an eye-specialist comes from the Latin word "oculus"; what is the word, Mary?

MARY WORLEY—Osteopath.

MISS SMALL—Locate Roumania and Bulgaria, Byron.

BYRON CHENOWETH—Roumania is north of Bulgaria and Bulgaria is south of Roumania.

MISS PAUL—Is anyone absent this period?

OWEN CARTER (rubbering)—I don't see anyone that's absent.

HOLD IT DOWN!

MISS ANDREWS—As so many were not satisfied with the pictures they had taken for the Annual, we are going to appoint a committee of teachers to sit on the pictures, this year.

MR. DUE—Who best represents the American spirit, Washington or Lincoln?
BOB KEACH—Theodore Roosevelt.

MISS HANNA—Girls, I want this stopping talked!

MISS HARRIS—Class, you will have to be quiet or everyone of you will have to stay in after school this afternoon. Alright Leonard, go ahead and read the next sentence.

LEONARD TAULMAN (reading)—What you say is not quite definitc enough.

A DREAM.

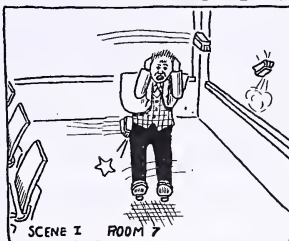
One night I fell into a doze
And this is what I dreamed;
I walked into a spacious hall
Where smiles and bright lights gleamed;
I followed up the strains of jazz,
But soon was struck quite dumb,
To see our own Professor Mott
Seated behind the drum.

A noisy applause aroused me,
And turning toward the door,
I saw the entertainers bow,
Then trip lightly down the floor.
Two famous dancers straight from France—
At least that was the news,
But when they neared me I perceived
Due and Miss Andrews.

In horror I rushed from the hall,
And stopped before a store,
Where Phillips sold hot hamburgers
While Brinklow scrubbed the floor.
A rickety cart of rags and iron,
Came slowly down the street,
While a bony horse did pull the cart
With Mitchell on the seat.

Then strains of music filled the air,
And I turned around to see,
A large brass band with its leader,
Mr. Ackerman, nearing me.
Miss Davison followed shouting
"Votes for women," loud and clear,
Miss Cobb came next, and all the rest
Came bringing up the rear.

•HAR-RAISING SCENES•



SCENE I ROOM 7

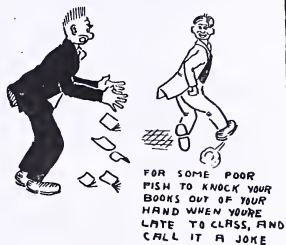


SCENE II THE ACKERMAN HOME

•AINT IT AGGRAVATIN'?



TO HAVE SOME
GUY SAY SOMETHING
FUNNY WHEN
YOUR LOOKING FOR
YOUR CAP



TO SET 'EM UP TO SOME
GUYS, AND FIND YOUVE JUST
GOT 13¢ AND A BUTTON



OUR ORATOR,
F. K. MILLER



KY5F1P

MISS A.—Ralph, what style of writing did the poets of the Revolutionary period use?
AL. (thinking of Grace)—Ringlets.

MR. DUE—What is the platform of a political party, Wesner?

HAMER—Its what the speakers stand on.

MISS HOWE (looking at a piece of brown cloth)—Can you get black cloth to match that color?

MR. CARROLL—Tell all you know about Ruth, Hugh.

HUGH ANDREWS—All I know about him is that he made 54 home-runs last season.

MISS HARRIS (sleepily)—People, be very sure words are right before you mark them wrong and be very sure they are wrong before you mark them right.

MR. MITCHELL—There's not a member of this class who will say Commercial Arithmetic is hard.

JACK SHIEL—It's just because we're afraid to.

SONG OF THE SENIORS

"Your lesson for next Monday"
So spake our English teacher
"Is something for the Patriot,
So bring in some good feature."

In most every place I know
I've sought for inspiration
Resulting in a wearied brain
And a ruined Spring vacation.

To my sorrow I've discovered
That I wasn't born a poet
And after reading these few lines,
I guess you'll also know it.

MR. DUE (assigning History lesson)—Turn to Hymn Number 228.

SHIEL—You know a lot about the fiddle, don't you?

HAGEL—Yes; you know my bow is educated too.

JACK—How's that?

JACK—It's taut.

MISS COBB—Now drop a perpendicular.

JIM HONAN—But that'll make a broken line, Miss Cobb.

Extract from a Junior Thought Book—I have not prepared my lesson so I feel a bit embraced.

MR. PHILLIPS—Henry, what is density?

HEINIE ABBETT—I can't define it but I can give an illustration.

MR. P.—Sit down boy, the illustration is good enough.

'26—Mr. Ackerman, how long could I live without brains?

MR. A.—That remains to be seen.



MISS ANDREWS—Shirley, you must stop shooting craps on the school ground. Those poor little things have just as much right to live as you have.

S. L. F.—I threw a kiss to Elsie last period.

J. F. McH. S.—Did she catch it?

S. L. F.—No, but I did from Miss Andrews.

MERE METRICAL MUSINGS

'Twas Christmas time in summer,
Saint Patrick's Day was near;
While John made preparations
To greet the glad New Year.

He made them in the springtime,
He made them in the fall;
He made them in the winter,
He made them not at all.

He tried his best to conquer
His love for Arabella
Her lips were red as sassafras,
Her hair was awfully yellow.

Her birthday was in August,
She was born the fifth of May,
She celebrated her sixteen year,
On Saint Valentine's day.

Her father was a milkman
But he delivered mail;
He made all kinds of fancy ink,
In an old white-washing pail.

She lived in Denver, Oregon,
Her address was Memphis, Maine;
Her home was New York, Texas,
But she hailed from Lake Champlain.

She went into the city
To hunt her lover John,
For he was the best moonshiner
That e'er the sun shone on.

These twain were both fictitious
Although they long did reign;
To me this looks suspicious—
Like the fruit of an idle brain.

MR. PHILLIPS—Marguerite, when rain falls, does it rise again?

M. M. E.—Yes, sir.

MR. PHILLIPS—When?

M. M. E.—Oh, in dew time.

'23—Have you taken chloroform?

'24—No, who teaches it?

HELEN L.—What makes everyone want to kiss Grace?

MARGARET—Her lipstick.

MISS HARRIS—George, are you sure this theme is original?

GEORGE WILSON—Well, I found a few of the words in the dictionary.

PAULA—Dick said I was an awful flirt.

FRANCIS—You must be out of practice.

ANDREWS—What did Phillips say when you asked him to raise your grade to a C?

DOBBINS—He just made a passing remark.

He travelled fast from place to place,
His features were well known;
But never the man that knew his face
Behind an ice cream cone.

He disguised himself as a shortstop,
And went to a big hotel;
The chase was fast and furious—
There's not much to tell.

They crept on him so softly,
They rushed him with a shout,
His wits were quicker than their eyes
He took the water spout.

Beneath him Arabella
Was running at a walk;
He jumped and quickly joined her,
There was no time to talk.

He said, "Now darling Bella,
We must make our get-away,
We must be far away from here
Before the break of day."

They were married in the May time
On the seventeenth of June,
Their wedding-day was in July,
It couldn't come too soon.

And now kind reader hear us,
As we our tale have finished,
Because we know your interest
Has never been diminished.



WINTER TRAINING FOR BASE-BALL



A CATCHER WONT
MIND LITTLE KNOCKS,
AFTER THIS!!

ALL RIGHT NOW—WE'LL TAKE HIM ON THIS
ONE, YOU KNOW WHAT TAKES THIS MUTT! SHOOT
IT TO ME BOY! LOOK OUT YOU POOR SAP, YOU'LL
BREAK YOUR BACK SWINGING AT THIS ONE! I
SEE RIGHT NOW YOU'VE PICKED THE WRONG BAT!!
BE CAREFUL NOW — DONT STEP
TOO FAR —



THE ABILITY TO BLUFF, LEARNED IN THE
CLASSROOM, TEACHES ONE TO TALK ON WITH-
OUT SAYING ANYTHING!!! THIS COMES IN
HANDY WHEN THE CATCHER TRIES TO
RATTLE THE BATTER!



ERASER THROWING
DEVELOPES THE
PITCHING ARM



AROUND THE
CORNER AND
I'M SAFE



PLAYERS WONT BE
RATTLED BY THE
COACHERS, AFTER
LISTENING TO
THE INCESSANT
PRATING OF
THE TEACHERS

SKIPPING IS
EXCELLENT
PRACTICE IN
BASE-STEALING

CALVIN DOBBINS



MISS ANDREWS



MR. BRINKLOW'S
CORNET SERVES
AS A SOCIAL
MASK.

BY GEORGE!!
I'M GONNA
STUDY THIS
SEMESTER!!

BANG!



OLD STUFF
YOU SAB,
OLD STUFF

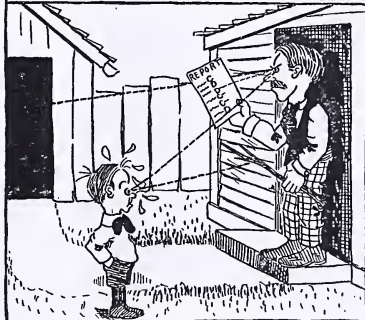


MR. MOTT



AN EASY
WAY TO
ESCAPE
EXAMS

WHEN A FELLOW WISHES HE WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE.



LLOYD E. SCHAFER

CARTER—Sam, have you read "Freckles"?

WESNER—No, I have brown ones.

MACK—Miss Andrews, I don't think we should give "Monsieur Beau caire."

MISS ANDREWS—Why do you think so, Ralph?

AL—I just don't think I could act the leading part.

HARVEY GREEN—In Queen Anne's reign men would go to coffee houses and get drunk.

MR. MITCHELL (in Manual Training)—Charles, do you know how to play checkers?

CHARLES (sleepily)—Yes, sir.

MR. M.—Well, it's your time to move.

MRS. STANTS—Olive, what were you and Don doing up so late, last night?

OLIVE—I was showing him some Kodak pictures.

MRS. S.—Well, maybe you had better show him the light bill.

FEMALE '21—Mr. Phillips, I've swallowed a pin.

PHILLIPS (absent-mindedly)—All right, girl, I'll get you another one.

BRINKLOW—Ethel, what's Andante?

ETHEL DUNN—Anne Dante—oh yes, she was the wife of the poet, Dante, and after he married her he wrote the Descent into Hades.

'22—Cicero was a snap, I sure came through on high.

'21—More likely you came through it on a pony.

THEY WILL SAY THE MEANEST THINGS.

'24—I know more about this joke than the personal editor does.

'21—That may be true.

'24—It sure is; he thought the stuff I handed in was original.

'91—The teachers of Shields High School aren't what they used to be.

'21—No, they used to be children.

JOE ANDREWS (to barber)—Please shave down only, Mr. Spanagel.

MR. SPANAGEL—That's all there is to shave, Joe.

7-B—Miss Small, where is Atoms?

MISS S.—Do you mean Athens?

7-B—No, Atoms—the place where everything is blown to.

MISS SMALL—Charles, what is one of the leading industries of Virginia?

SOL.—Live stock, Miss Small.

MISS S.—What kind of live stock, Charles?

SOL.—Camels.

MISS VEHSLAGE—Ethel, who was it that supported the world on his shoulders, according to Ancient Mythology?

ETHEL DUNN—Atlas.

MISS V.—What supported Atlas.

ETHEL—Why, I suppose he married a rich wife.

MR. DUE—Francis, who invented the wireless telegraph?

FRANCES LEWIS—Mr. Phillips.



The Troubador



Three Eighty



Margie



Sophies



Here Goes!



Junior Mens (?)



Favorite Exit



Accumulated Wit



Shoot



We Girls



Vanity Fair



Beauty and the Beast





FRANCIS AS
CUPID



OUR HONOR STUDENT



THE PRODIGIOUS
HICKEY



HELPLESS JOE



EYES FOR THE
BASKET



ESTHER THE POET



PRICELESS PEARL



JACK RABBIT



OUR TOMMY



DOCILE
ALBA



STANTS



THE REDS

WELLER



SWEET WILLIAM



DOBBY



MARGIE'S HARRY



CUNNIN' ELSIE



SECRETARY
LINKE



TIPPY'S NOT SO
BASHFUL NOW



CALENDAR

- Sept. 13th.—Back to ye halls of knowledge.
 Sept. 14th.—Mr. Due turns "Babe in the Woods." O, where could his history class be?
 Sept. 23rd.—"Reg" wants to meet the "awkestra." Will he never get that longed for Hoosier accent?
 Sept. 29th.—First yell practice. Rough talk about Columbus. Also strange whisperings abroad.
 Sept. 30th.—Shrubbery and doorknobs bloom in blue and gold.
 Oct. 6th.—Donald Miller declares that a woman can make a man do most anything. Could a woman cause all of Danald's achievements?
 Oct. 8th.—Charles Maple purchases new shoes. Skipping is hard on them.

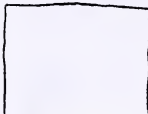


- Oct. 11th.—Inter-class basketball tourney opens. Miss Andrews leads yells.
 Oct. 13th.—Series of new walks demonstrated by basketball boys. Jim Fenton and Hardin Hancock take first honors.
 Oct. 17th.—Mr. Mitchell collects Commercial Arithmetics. Something is amiss!
 Oct. 18th.—Commercial Arithmetics returned. An assembly room "tyme destroyer" is amiss.
 Oct. 19th.—Commercial teacher states that he has what he wants. Orates on Jack Shiel's ability to "say it in ink."
 Oct. 20th.—First basketball game of season. Edinburg players seem to think the Seymour defense is "just kidding."
 Oct. 21st.—Two days vacation.
 Oct. 25th.—Teachers tell students they have had a good vacation.
 Oct. 26th.—Students all look forward to another good vacation.
 Oct. 29th.—Hallowe'en. The ghosts were after Brownstown.
 Nov. 1st.—Glee Club and Orchestra combine to rout inhabitants on North Walnut Street.
 Nov. 4th.—Miss Howe goes to North Vernon. Two senior boys and a domestic science class make fudge.
 Nov. 5th.—Girls go out to show the boys a few new points in B. B.
 Nov. 8th.—Mr. Brinklow tell Glee Club and Orchestra they need a little more brass. Also says "come back to 'my arms.'"
 Nov. 11th.—High School students join Armistice Day parade.
 Nov. 12th.—Basketball team goes to Orleans. Playing on a strange floor seems to inspire them.
 Nov. 19th.—Big hamburger fry tonight. Columbus Bull Dogs remind us of Poodle Pups.



- Nov. 22nd.—Esther Phillips desires to know if a circle is necessarily round.
 Nov. 23rd.—Junior class thinks it best to organize while Miss Andrews is away. They didn't, however.
 Nov. 24th.—Senior girls' basketball team meets to elect new Captain. After some argument they adjourn.
 Nov. 25th.—Thanksgiving vacation. Thanks!
 Nov. 29th.—Nothing doing.
 Nov. 30th.—Continuation of yesterday's performance.
 Dec. 1st.—Hamer Wesmer and Forrest Kysar present recipe for "Cumberland Dew."

- Dec. 3rd.—F. K. Miller expresses a desire to eat peanut butter the rest of his life.
- Dec. 7th.—Gold Medal should be awarded C. H. Phillips who victoriously charged a nest of crap shooters.
- Dec. 8th.—Senior class meeting. Proposed dance at Eagle Hall postponed.
- Dec. 10th.—Seymour vs. Manual. Though small, Donald Miller proves his ability to play basketball.
- Dec. 13th.—Unlucky thirteenth. History tests are passed around. Two more senior boys don long trousers.
- Dec. 15th.—Melodies and foot scrapings are heard in assembly room. When the cat's away the mice will play.
- Dec. 16th.—But the cat returned in the form of a tall science teacher. "Whistle o'er the Lave o't."
- Dec. 17th.—And the world hasn't come to an end yet!
- Dec. 21st.—Senior English test in assembly room. Mr. Mitchell is assured that Miss Andrews advised the comparing of answers.
- Dec. 22nd.—English student telling story, "And the next morning was Christmas Eve—"



SKY CLEAR

- Dec. 24th.—Washington vs. Seymour. Santa presents us with victory.
- Jan. 4th.—Eraser battle in Room 12. No casualties reported unless a case of "chalkdustintheyeitis" was developed.
- Jan. 6th.—Wind blowing southeast by east. Sky clear.
- Jan. 7th.—Girls give exhibition of scientific basketball.
- Jan. 11th.—Dr. Crane, a member of Indiana State Board of Health speaks.
- Jan. 12th.—Clearspring vs. Seymour. John Deal surely found a horseshoe.
- Jan. 13th.—Mr. Brinklow entertains assembly with a cornet solo.
- Jan. 17th.—Senior class meeting. "Patriot" dedicated to Mr. Phillips.
- Jan. 18th.—Our music teacher declares that a man must possess nerve to get matrimonially encumbered these days.
- Jan. 19th.—Run through next semester's schedule.
- Jan. 20th.—All who lost themselves in yesterday's struggle were found today.
- Jan. 24th.—Only three senior girls have commencement dates. Cupid! Cupid! Where art thou?
- Jan. 25th.—Donald Miller entertains Modern History class.
- Jan. 26th.—Chas. Ross tries to stage the Miller act, but only one shoulder wiggles at once.
- Jan. 27th.—Yell practice in assembly room. Seven B's rush the doors.
- Jan. 28th.—Smithville vs. Seymour. A cloud o'er spread our constellation.
- Jan. 31st.—Mr. Due makes historical discovery. Modern History's removed from behind radiators.



- Feb. 1st.—Living pictures planned. Some say Bill Brackemeyer is to represent the "Sistine Madonna."
- Feb. 2nd.—If the ground-hog saw his shadow today, he saw more than we did.
- Feb. 5th.—Seniors decorate for a party. Ray Julian sits on a tack.
- Feb. 6th.—Characters for "Miss Bob White" are selected.
- Feb. 7th.—Robert Barbour declares that the "Junkers" were dealers in junk.
- Feb. 9th.—Miss Pitt and Miss Caster of the Indiana University Training School address the High School girls.

Feb. 12th.—Seymour basketball fans go to Columbus to witness the Seymour-Gerhart game.
 Feb. 14th.—Valentine Day. Two seniors exchange hearts.
 Feb. 15th.—One more senior girl gets commencement dates. Cupid doesn't stay long, but we hope he will come again.
 Feb. 16th.—Seniors sell tickets for "Miss Bob White." Juniors get jealous, as usual.
 Feb. 18th.—County tourney opens tomorrow.
 Feb. 21st.—"Miss Bob White" given. Universally proclaimed a success.
 Feb. 22nd.—Tom Humes declares that the American writer appealing to him most strongly is Shakespeare.
 Feb. 23rd.—Scottsburg arrives to stage a comeback. But it was "worsenuseless."
 Feb. 25th.—Last basketball game of season. Maybe some of the surplus energy of certain persons will be used in study.



Mar. 1st.—Jack Shiel tells us that Garfield was shot in the Union Depot.
 Mar. 2nd.—Mr. Laroge gives an interesting account of his travels in Alaska and the Phillipines.
 Mar. 3rd.—Tickets on sale for the Scottsburg tourney.
 Mar. 4th.—Seymour basketball fans left for Scottsburg, taking the life of the school with them.
 Mar. 8th.—Everybody blue. Winning the tourney would have meant a whole day's vacation.
 Mar. 10th.—Orchestra practice. Great demand for cotton in assembly room.
 Mar. 11th.—Former basketball boys out on account of illness. Cigarette venders could probably give reasons
 Mar. 14th.—Senior class meeting. Subscription blanks for "Patriot" given out.
 Mar. 15th.—Miss Andrews announces that there will be a spring vacation.

Mar. 16th.—Kodak films are being freely wasted on students in general.
 Mar. 28th.—Baseball teams organized. Season's schedule announced.
 Mar. 29th.—Fire! No, the city council just wanted to see us file out.
 Mar. 30th.—Sophs shut Freshies out in first inter-class game.
 Mar. 31st.—Dietetics class makes Corn-a-la-Southern, and they nearly all "went west."

Apr. 1st.—Everybody makes everybody else feel foolish. The usual pastime.

Apr. 4th.—Lloyd Schafer and Calvin Dobbins put on a play, featuring "Alfonso and Gaston."

Apr. 8th.—Columbus - Seymour game postponed.

Apr. 11th.—Books stacked! Now you Freshmen know better than that.
 Signed, The Seniors.

Apr. 12th.—Seymour loses game to Columbus. Chenoweth takes on the Nom de Plume, "Casey at the Bat."

Apr. 15th.—Shelbyville - Seymour game. Our strongest hope is that "Cotton" Baldwin will talk the batter to death.

Apr. 19th.—Miss Forsberg, member of National Community Service Bureau addresses the assembly.

Apr. 29th.—Seymour vs. Edinburg. Edinburg catcher says, "Oh, for the tongue of Baldwin."

May 7th.—Seniors depart for Brown County, going back to the hills, so to speak.

May 27th.—Junior reception.

May 29th.—Baccalaureate.

May 31st.—Senior Class play.

June 2nd.—Commencement!

June 3rd.—Adois, Shields High School.





Jeering Double



Whiz Bang



Rotten Yeggs



Billy



Smile, Da-Da



Familiar Mugg



Botany Bacteria



Oh for a Man!



Fiddlers Three

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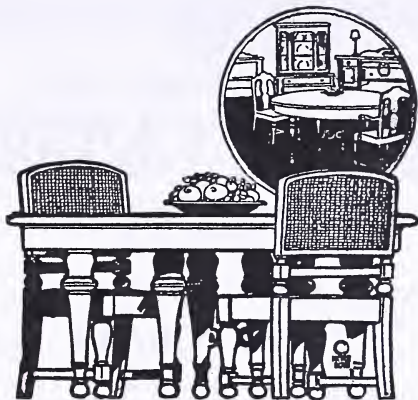


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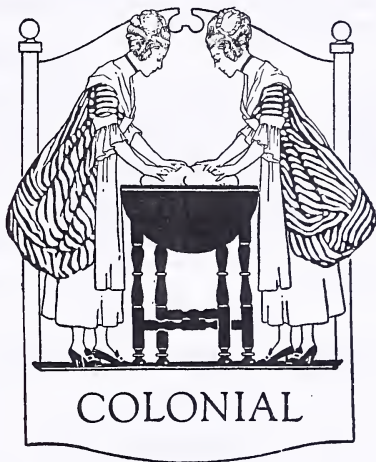
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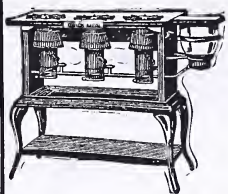
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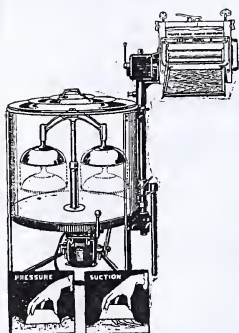
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